

PULSE

1964



MEDITATION

Dom Chautard once said that the soul of the apostolate is the spiritual or interior life which centers on the Mass, reception of the Sacraments and meditation. He further commented that without a sound interior life, without the important attitude that everything one does is done for the greater honor and glory of Almighty God, one's priestly vocation may turn out to be an utter and dismal failure. All of us at Xavier attend Mass, all of us receive the Sacraments, but isn't it strange that meditation, one third of that threefold element of a sound spiritual life, seems to slip by every morning amidst a series of head bobbings, heavy breathings, and all the other positive indications of deep and contented SLEEP? Isn't it a shame that men who are dedicated to the service of God, men who are some day to become other Christs, should be so apathetic to an opportunity to lift their hearts and minds to God in mental prayer, i.e., meditation?

The key to making a good meditation lies, not so much in the subject matter that is chosen, or in the position (sitting, kneeling, etc.) that is selected, but in the basic

DESIRE one has to think about and talk to Almighty God. It seems evident that many of us desire a nice rest rather than a few short minutes of mental conversation with our Creator.

What causes this apathy toward meditation? Perhaps it is our basic lack of self-awareness. We seem to have forgotten just who we are and what we are doing in the seminary.

Take a look back through your seminary years and recall how many times you've seen acquaintances and sometimes your close friends leave the seminary. Yet you, by the grace of God, are still here, still striving toward your priestly goal. Perhaps you saw a fellow seminarian, one whom you thought was a lot better off spiritually than you were, turn down his calling for a life in the world. Yet you are still here. How come?

Chirst said that "Many are called but few are chosen." Now isn't it just a little evident that God has chosen you? If Almighty God has loved you enough to call you to the priesthood, wouldn't it be logical to demonstrate your love or at least your gratitude to Him. You have given your life to His service, why be lukewarm about it? Why not give Him your mind and heart as well?

SOCIETY OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD



PROVINCIAL HOUSE
1125 HARMAN AVENUE
DAYTON, OHIO 45419

May 28, 1964

Mr. Joseph Botton, Managing Editor
PULSE
Xavier Hall
St. Joseph College,
Rensselaer, Indiana

Dear Joe:

PULSE continues to impress me. Heartiest congratulations to you and your staff. The fourth issue represents excellent work, journalistically, artistically, and in content.

PULSE reveals enormous talent. I prayerfully hope that all Xavierites associated with PULSE will persevere so that some day their talents can be further refined for the great apostolate of the press for the promotion of the Precious Blood.

With cordial good wishes, I am

Sincerely in the Precious Blood,

John E. Byrne, C.P.P.S.
Provincial



PARENTS DAY

On the weekend of June 20th and 21st the Xavierites went all out to entertain their families at the annual parent's day program. Every seminarian was determined to make this parent's day the most enjoyable and memorable ever.

Approximately 213 men, women, boys and girls arrived on Saturday afternoon. The program began with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which was followed by a tantalizing smorgasbord supper in the basement of the million dollar Halleck Center. In the evening the high point of the whole program, the variety show, was held in the college auditorium. Many hours of practice went into the acts which featured everything from a Julius Ceasar skit to the Beatles. We hope that the hour and a half program was delightful to all.

At 8:15 Sunday morning the guests assisted at a dialogue Mass facing the people---which included an Offertory procession. After breakfast Xavier Hall was open for "inspection". The sacristy, Dwenger Mission Unit, photography club, bindery and PULSE provided some special exhibits that proved interesting to all. Unlike previous years there was no barbeque at the park. Instead a steak dinner was served in the Halleck

Center. The mosquitoes and other inhabitants of the park had to wait for their meals until the father-son softball game, which the sons won by a score of 16-14.

All in all it was a great weekend. We certainly hope all of our guests, our relatives and friends, all those who have helped us advance this far toward our priestly goals, had a very enjoyable time here at Xavier. JF

PHI ETA SIGMA

Xavierite Jim Fisher was elected president of the college freshman honor society Phi Eta Sigma.

After the elections the problem of finding some type of activity for the coming year was brought to the floor. Fr. Bierberg, moderator, suggested that the members of the club consider the project of forming a study club concerned with the theology of the catholic layman. TH

SPEECH CONTEST

Ralph C. Verdi has kept the first place honor of the Fr. Rapp speech contest in Xavier Hall. With his winning speech entitled "Should the Aged Be Employed?" Ralph pointed out that many older persons in America are forced to retire because of certain old-age laws. Armed with a myriad of statistics, Ralph clearly de-

monstrated that the aged are just as capable of work, and sometimes even more so than younger people. The aged respect the security of a job and will work harder to keep it.

The solutions Ralph offered were, of course, ones that have been heard before: shorter hours, retirement for the rich, and increased production. His presentation, however, was refreshing.

Ralph, the only seminarian of the nine participants in the contest, said that he wished to thank Tom Raterman, winner of the speech contest last semester (Tom is also a seminarian) for his helpful advice in preparing the speech.

JU

(Ed. Note: For the full text of Verdi's speech see P.21.)

DMU ELECTIONS

After a rousing campaign by all of those seeking nomination for election, the Dwenger Mission Unit members, quite aware of the qualifications of those bidding for office, made their choice of officers.

The president's spot was taken by John Newbauer. John's platform for the presidency, presented by Thomas Hemm, was one of solid, common sense, concrete ideas. The unity of the fifth and sixth year classes in the work of the unit was the predominate point.

Newbauer's experience as Junior class president of next year's fifth year class presented the fact that he was, and still is an effective leader who is quite capable of directing the DMU.

The vice - presidency was won by Peter Grotzinger, whose platform, presented by James Fisher, was one of order and efficiency in keeping the file of the DMU. Also, as chairman of the study clubs, he promised to make the clubs very smoothly functioning organizations.

Neal Malatesta was elected secretary. His platform, presented by James Gettig, was one which looked to new frontiers for the DMU. He proposed the possibility of sending seminarian delegates to the YCS convention held here at Saint Joe. He also proposed better relationships with the Precious Blood missionaries working in Chile and Peru so that we might better know and help in their work.

The mission unit money found a capable custodian in John Hoying. John's platform, presented by Steve Gossin, was a strong pledge of unity with the DMU Board. He also proposed new ways of financially supporting the DMU work.

The office of work club chairman was taken by Guy Goubeaux.

LR

RALPH WINS MUSIC AWARD

Rev. Lawrence Heiman, C.P.P.S., Chairman of the Music Dept. at St. Joseph's, has announced that Ralph C. Verdi, a seminarian majoring in music and theological studies, has been named top winner in Class II of the Annual Young Composers Contest sponsored by the National Federation of Music Clubs. Verdi's winning composition was the "Holy, Holy, Holy" for unaccompanied male chorus which was premiered at the April 12 Diamond Jubilee Concert at the college. The text is from St. John's Apocalypse 4,8 and 19,1.

Among the judges for the contest were Kent Kennan, author of two greatly used musical textbooks, and the well-known American composer, Paul Creston. In addition to awarding Verdi the top prize in his class, the judges spoke well of the two other entries from St. Joseph's College. These were choral works by two other seminarians, Thomas Hemm and Harold Iwankovitsch. Teacher of all three entrants is John B. Egan, B.Mus., Ph.D., Associate Professor of Music at St. Joseph's.

(Taken from the Rensselaer Republican)

THERE'S Always ROOM
IN XAVIER!



GROWING PAINS, '64 ON

Our Man in 6 OKINAWA

My arrival here was a little different than I had expected. There was no throng with YANKEE GO HOME signs nor were there dancing girls with leis. Besides this, the island paradise was experiencing rain. This is not the type of rain that falls for a few hours quits and permits the sun to prevail. No, this was about the middle of a month long rainfall which has since stopped. Now Okinawa is again an island paradise.

Daily Mass is really no problem. A very well established Capuchin mission is only six miles away. The church is not large for the community consists of only a hundred Catholics. It is of the simple modern style one might find anywhere in the U.S., except that there is a lack of pews. One must remove his shoes before entering. Mats are provided on the floor.

The mission has seven nuns, twelve postulants, and three novices--all Okinawian. They sing a very fine High Mass. The other day the common was a new Mass in Japanese. It was very nice and everyone was permitted to sing. In their low Masses the prayers at the foot of the altar are said in common in Latin. However, the Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Agnus Dei, and Domine non sum dignus are said in Japanese. They

have just recently introduced the Corpus Christi ritual.

Mass here on the base is on Wednesday, Sunday, and First Friday only. We have the most simple form of dialogue Mass in which few participate. The missionary who comes here for Mass on those days is the Apostolic Administrator of the island, a monsignor. He has the cross and ring plus almost all the powers of a bishop. I am presently working for him with the American altar boys and the would-be altar boys.

The religion common to the people here was once explained to me a good time ago as ancestor worship. Since I have been here it has been explained as a worship of the one true God through one's ancestors. Another aspect of the religion is a high degree of thankfulness. Converts carry this over with them; and I have noticed that after Mass everyone stays for private devotions.

While I was at the mission one afternoon, I met a native catechist. Over here a catechist holds a very high place in society. They are looked up to as the leaders, and the religious catechists fall into the category of "teacher." As social leaders, they must entertain just as much as their fellow teachers. In order to prevent these catechists from becoming regular teachers the church must pay them as much as the teachers get.

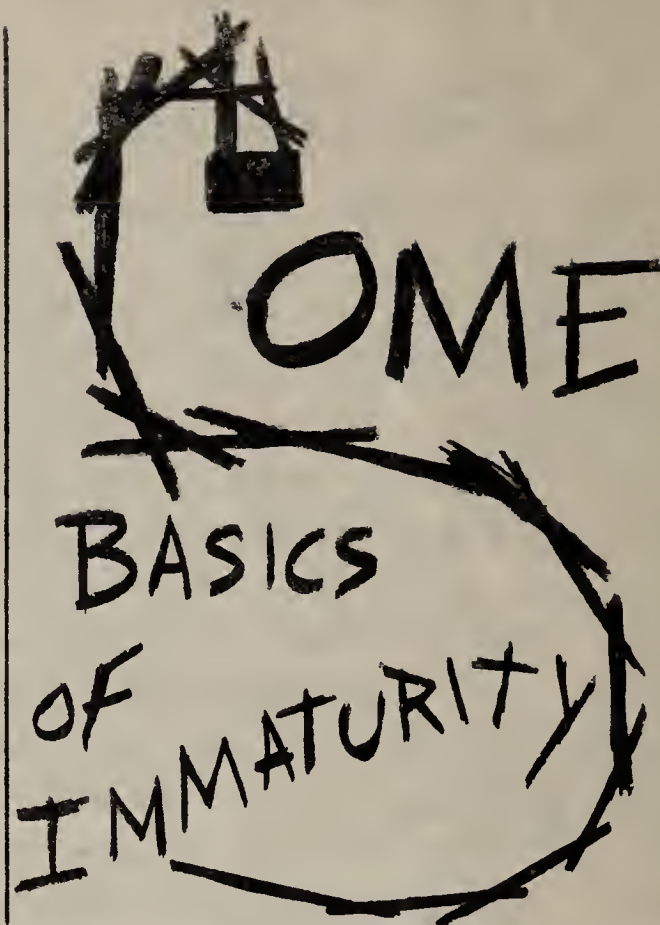
The catechist is the leader in church. He gives instructions, leads prayers, and reads parts of the Mass in Japanese. He also teaches and in general helps out in the church. There seems to be quite a difference between this concept and the P.P.S. arrangements in South America.

In order for one to really profit from a foreign visit, it is necessary to know the language, meet, and mingle with the people. Not knowing the language is most unfortunate in my case. I have tried to compensate this by talking with the American teenagers--without much communication, however. Steve Gossin

P.S. Undoubtedly you have heard that the worst typhoon of the century has hit the Philippines--typhoon WINNIE!

*

(Ed. Note: Steve is currently vacationing with his parents who reside in Okinawa.)



"THE FIRST STEP TOWARD TRUE MATURITY IS THE CONSCIOUS REALIZATION THAT ONE LACKS MATURITY IN SEVERAL AREAS OF HIS PERSONALITY."

The following are some reflections on lack of maturity which have been adapted from the book Personal Adjustment & Mental Health.

"THE IMMATURE PERSON:

Is unusually sensitive to comments concerning himself and cannot tolerate any form of criticism.

Is characterized by a life which is, in some respects, self-centered. Self-centeredness is immaturity's first ally. The ego is made the center of the universe.

(continued on page 20)

A Medium of Experience

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I do not think that it is possible to cite any group, class, or race which does not love a window. As for myself, being busy with some task indoors, I find it refreshing to put aside my business, glance up, the look out the window. The prospect of carrying on any activity in a room which has no windows has no appeal to me whatsoever. I know that I would feel shut up and segregated from a most interesting world. I usually prefer an airy room with plenty of sunshine.

Man has shown his need for windows from the earliest times. The entrance of the cave served as both door and window to the first house. As civilization progressed and as man came out of the cave, the window took the form of a drafty section in the side of a wall which let in sunshine, air, and the rougher elements. To allow the access of the first two and to eliminate the intrusion of the third, the primitive home owner knew that he must cover that hole with some transparent material. At first he used wood, which did not work too well; then he used oiled paper, which was not too practical on windy days; finally, he settled on glass, which proved to be quite satisfactory.

At one point in history,

the Middle Ages, windows were scarcely used at all. Perhaps that is why historians call this period the Dark Ages. I cannot readily imagine the tomb-like interior of a medieval castle which, for safety reasons, could not have spacious windows, but only narrow slits. A huge price to pay, I think, for safety. What a contrast between those narrow slits in the ancient castles and the large windows in the homes and buildings of today.

In modern times windows come in all shapes, colors, sizes, and patterns; in order that they may serve a practical purpose, there is a place for every window and a window for every place. A picture window would in no way be very practical in the side of a battleship; and likewise, a porthole would somehow be out of place in a living room. A stained-glass window would look better in a church than it would in a bar.

Some people's jobs are in connection with windows. The glass cutter cuts the material for that vacant hole in the wall. The architect designs a building around it. An interior decorator must find suitable curtains which will serve as the frame for the picture the window depicts. A brave window washer risks life and limb in order that the apertures on those concrete giants might be

clean. The proprietor of a store uses the space to attract shoppers. The use, as well as the shape, or windows varies with the circumstances.

A window is always there to those who need its services. The daydreamer often uses it when he is indoors. The world parading outside the opening gives fuel to this lackadaisical fellow's imagination. Should a fire engine pass on the street, he quickly envisions himself at the scene of the fire doing heroic deeds. On the other hand, a sleek, metallic bird flying overhead gives rise in him to thoughts of being an airline pilot. I am quite certain that the daydreamer would be at a loss for his material without windows. The invalid confined to a bed, uses the transparent outlet so that the little things in the area surrounding his room outside may catch his interest and give him encouraging thoughts. For example, the sight of a cluster of fragrant flowers outside reminds the invalid that, even though the flowers are also confined to one place, they give joy to any who comes near them. Whom does the window help more than the small boy in front of a petshop. Were it not for that large piece of glass, he would have missed seeing the playful little pup.

In the abstract sense, many people speak of the face as

the "window of the heart." Our countenances always have a hard time not revealing our inner feelings. When we are happy, our eyes twinkle, and a smile appears upon our lips. A tear comes to our eyes, and our face is besmirched by a frown when we are sad.

The words we speak or write are, in a sense, also windows. They are the windows that have a "view" all their own - the point of view of our minds. The educated man and the ignorant man, consciously and subconsciously, reveal what they are thinking by their speech. The old man, while giving his opinion on some matter, presents the wisdom old men have by letting us see it through his words. Indeed, if what I have just said is true (and I think it is) this essay has been an abstract window by the fact that it reveals my point of view concerning the influence that windows have on man.

By
Bill
Monaghan

Editor's note:

A Medium of Expression (p.8) won the Alumni Essay Award.

Plight of the Poorest Americans (p.12) won the Freshman Essay Award.

Father Get Your Gun

Contrary to the opinion of all Indiana seminarians, Rensselaer does not hold great recreational areas hidden in its flat farm fields. The priests have developed new pastimes just as interesting as the countryside. These new recreations include such vigorous physical and soul deepening adventures as watching the goldfish in the pond and sleeping out by the gravel pit at night.

Fr. McKay, director of seminarians at Xavier Hall, the college's brightest spot, has not been satisfied by such quiet activities but yearned for a more sportful time--such as hunting. Unfortunately, there isn't much to hunt around Rensselaer, and what little wildlife there is Stanovik stalks for his magic act.

But now a new game bird has been found. The Grackle, for those who don't know, is a good sized black bird that has nothing to do but perturb car owners, cassock wearers, and maintenance people with things

that let you know that birds are around. Chasing Grackles is nothing new, but shooting at them is--especially for the Grackle. Fr. McKay bought a brandy new .22 calibre pellet pistol powered by CO2 cartridges. He tried to use his gun secretly because he was not a very good shot. Unfortunately for Father the first shot was heard around campus, and enlisted several interested groups of observers, pointers, and instructors in the new bird hunting army.

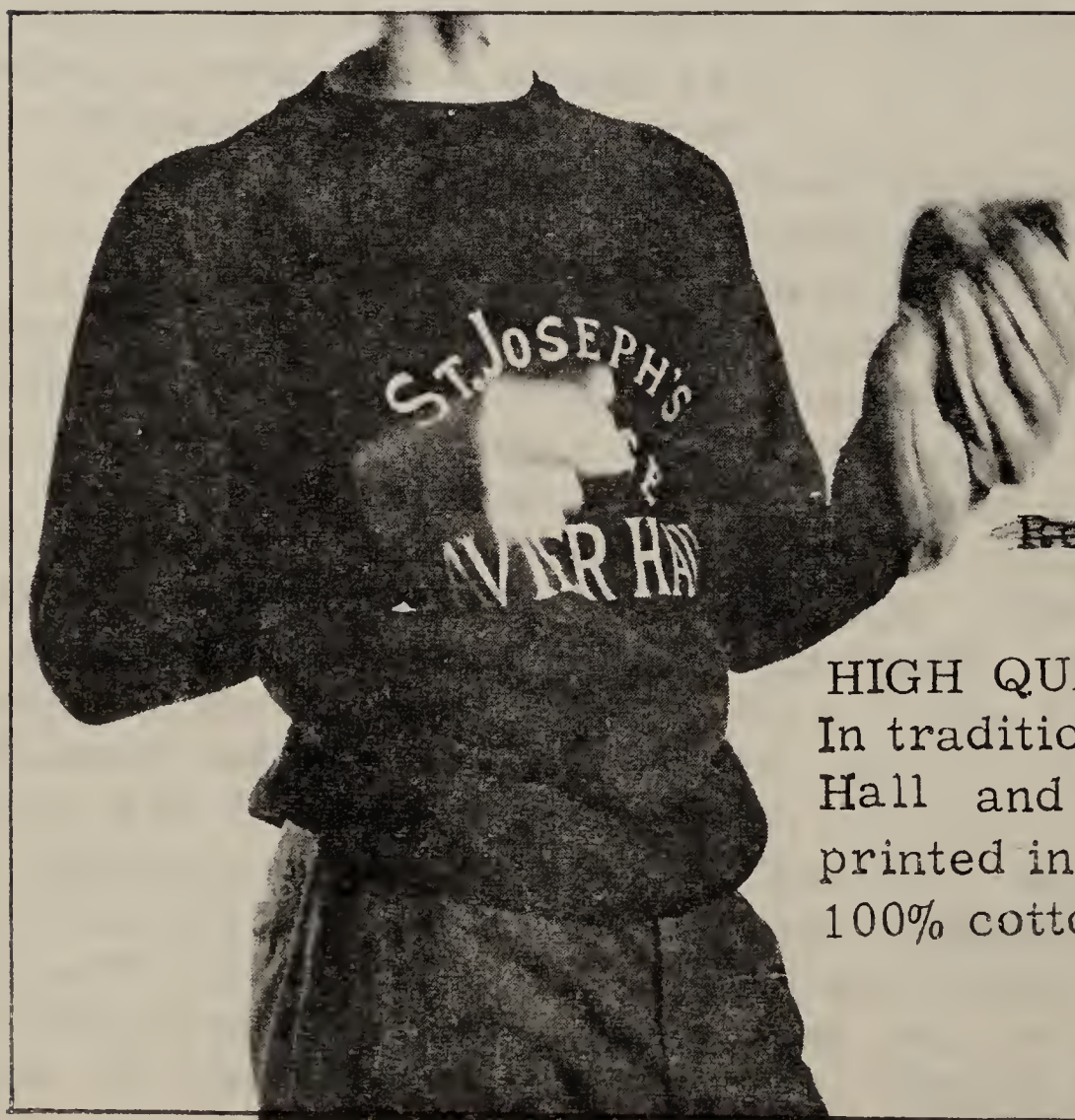
The first outing brought down a few riddled leaves and some broken branches. All the birds escaped. Fr. Lang, one of the noisier observers, was finally handed the gun. Clusters of seminarians began to shout that the shot they were pointing out was the best. Fr. Lang steadied and aimed his gun at an unsuspecting Grackle. After Father's fifth shot the bird finally moved. Fr. Lang said that the gun had bad sights, it was getting dark, etc.

Fr. McKay figured that his trouble was a matter of timing so the next day he went shooting when no seminarians were around. That night Fr. claimed he had shot and killed two big Grackles. Several seminarians doubted his word and he protested, saying that the bodies were right over "there!" (He used a rather ambiguous 180 degree gesture.) We searched but couldn't find the bodies. Of course, the cats must have carried them off, for a big

Cat had been seen around the hall picking up Rich tidbits.

Fr. did not speak of hunting for the next few weeks until one day, while someone was cleaning his room, he began shooting at a squadron of flies by administering air blasts from his pelletless CO2 charged gun. He said, "I've been getting good at this lately." And so Fr. McKay added another thrilling sport to the quiet Indiana campus--the sport of killing insects with a "fly rod."

Anthony P. Lumpfit



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Flight of the

Poorest Americans

The humid mid-day air swept over the abandoned junk yard and brought with it a scrawny brown-eyed lad, who appeared to be searching for some unknown object. As the boy stumbled about the scattered piles of debris, he spied a large wooden framed mirror beneath a bursting paper bag of rotting carp heads. Clumsily, he lifted the heavy mirror with his one good arm and lugged the priceless treasure to a dilapidated shack, which staggered with the winds on the far side of the railroad tracks. The mirror was hung upon a small rusty nail, loosely protruding from an unpainted board of the makeshift wall. This is what the looking glass beheld.

The dingy room had two unscreened windows and an earthen floor. The four ugly walls enclosed a family of six, one sagging bed, a smoldering cooking stove, three smoothly worn log benches, five chipped plates and six smeary drinking glasses within a yellowed kitchen cabinet, a dusty lightbulb dangling from the leaky roof, and a blaring radio. The father of this Mexican family was sprawled out over the bed; and, even in his drunken stupor, he lovingly clung to the drained bottle with his calloused left hand. The sorrowful mother supported a sick-

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ly infant at her breast, while three soiled children ran in and out of the shanty. Sitting with his brown back against the bedpost, the crippled boy, who had discovered the mirror, sharpened his pocket knife with a cracked whetting stone.

Suddenly, the rusty nail pulled from the wallboard, and the mysterious mirror saw no more.

The above description is not of a poverty stricken family struggling to survive in the ghettos of Peru, or in the infested slum areas of exotic India, but a scene of one of the typical migrant worker dwellings thriving throughout the United States. Barely existing on an annual salary of \$680, these nomads travel in an unending vicious circle. Following the harvest each year, they plant fields in tomatoes during the spring and return in autumn to pick the fruits of their thankless labor.

About half of the migratory workers in the country are formed into crews, organized and led by crew leaders who negotiate with employers the terms and conditions of employment. Opportunities for mistreating the crew members abound, and too many crew leaders take advantage of all of them. Overcharging crew members for transportation, connivingly charging for e-

quipment that was provided by the employer free of charge, collecting bonus money due to the laborers and feeding it into their own hungry pockets, are just a few of the numerous injustices added to the already unbearable burden of the down-trodden "stoop laborers."

The deplorable housing conditions which these sad people are forced to accept are a "breeding ground" for their low morality and their high mortality. Words can not communicate for man the stench of warped wood, human perspiration, cooking odors, dung and urine deposits, and decaying garbage mingled with the scheduled intervals of sooty train smoke.

Education of these "ninos" is almost an impossibility for the illiterate parents. The children must work in the fields so as to contribute to the support of the family; therefore, there is little time for any type of formal education. Because of their constant uprooting, migratory youngsters seldom have the opportunity to make lasting friendships with their classmates, when it is possible for them to attend a strange new school for a short duration of time. With their limited amount of formal education, the youth shall be unable to escape the imprisoning vicious circle, which seems to be the lot of the

migrant worker.

Realizing that the U. S. is largely to blame for this miserable situation, the Senate has already passed bills affecting education, day care, and child labor in the migrant worker field. It has also passed a bill regulating the activities of crew leaders. House action on these bills is still in the making. Awaiting Senate action is a bill designed to improve the methods of recruiting and transporting migratory workers and providing guarantees to the worker as well as assurances to the farmer of reliable help. Bills providing minimum wages and collective bargaining rights for the agricultural migrant workers await hearings before the Subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency.

The rejected migrant workers have banded together in crews as a means of protection from the malevolent treatment of their employers; however, their attempts have failed to produce any noted improvement because of the crew leaders' selfishness. They are still forced to accept the unhealthy shacks, which are provided by the "generous" farmer. It shall take time for the Senate to "heal their wounds," and time alone will narrate the legend of the poorest Americans.

By Jack Miller

D E S P A I R

Lunar Orb,
Brilliant glow of silvered light;
Cold, withdrawn, but aiding those
Who work by night.

Silent Seas,
Rippled, fogged in lifeless show;
Fragile mirror reflecting skies,
Not life below.

Pungent Air,
Wafted forth through shaded grove;
Idle, yet whose earthen warmth
Aids seeds to grow.

Naked Youth,
Sweating, cast in Nature's die;
Watching, learning, bent on service too
But lost to why.

Fred Baumer

All English — Speakers *Guilt* as *Charged*

Unable to refrain from becoming an ardent lover of the English language after my English courses this year, I find myself appalled by the growth of illiteracy and the flood of gibberish emanating from my fellow Americans. I am determined to fight it. For I feel it my duty to enrich and not injure the noblest language and richest literary heritage in the world. Touching?

Recently an article from the office of the Academic Dean was placed before me, and I found myself viewing a raging denouncement of collegiate writing. I should like to extend this condemnation to many other manuscripts filled with barbarous atrocities, depicting only illiteracy and decay. Belligerent as it may sound, I am convinced that the American language must be fought for because soon it will be too late-i.e., it shall be totally obscured in clarity of thought. For the primary duty of a language must be to clearly communicate the idea of a writer or speaker to another mind; and certainly this cannot be successful unless the thought is conveyed with precision. I say a thought must be precisely stated because I cannot see any excuse for the long-winded vagueness of some modern terminology.

Perhaps the only time we receive long letters from our friends is when they have little time to write.

I wish to correct now a misunderstanding that could arise. I in no way am attempting to confine language to a strait-jacket; and I certainly realize that as a living and growing organism, it must be capable of meeting new needs and serving a vigorous people. Slang therefore, as long as it borders on art and not vulgarity, is to me a perfectly legitimate way for a language to grow, for it certainly allows for better communication.

However, there are certain definite facets of speaking and writing that I can only denounce as murder of a language. The first of these is the constant stress on the big "forty-dollar" words. As a representative example, let us look at the Time of several weeks ago. Beneath a picture of one of President Johnson's visits to a poverty stricken area, we read the caption "to help the underprivileged..." Just what does underprivileged mean? A privilege, to friend Webster, is a "right granted as a peculiar advantage or favor" over one's neighbor. Therefore an "underprivileged" soul must be one who does not have enough privilege over his neighbor. Nikita could cer-

tainly say something about democracy and capitalism if his interpreters were to glance at that one. Why couldn't everyone simply have been satisfied with plain, old, uninteresting, "poor?" No doubt one day soon we shall all be reading: "Blessed be the underprivileged in spirit, etc." Today necessity seems to demand that we use longer words for our language's wealth of monosyllables. Imagine the recitation of the most glorious prayer of Christianity, the Pater Noster, as it will sound in several decades. No one has reason to doubt that its forty monosyllables out of fifty-six words will indeed have changed. As a fellow student facetiously remarked yesterday, "I am not moved by a motive; I am motivated by a motivation." Soon he will be motivated by a motivationer."

Another aspect of our language worthy of scathing remarks is the use of words in incorrect contexts. For real fun and games, examine uses of the word "literally." People explain how they are "literally" dead, glued to their seats,

or mad as a hornet. Such personal powers would certainly be remarkable. Recently I was asked to read a term paper and was fairly shocked at the title, "The Breakdown of America's Caste System." I had known that the individual was doing a study of the various social classes of our fatherland, but I still remained confused as to why he should entitle his work in such a manner. Several sentences soon proved that such statements as "America can be broken down according to age and sex," meant that America could be "classified by such." How relieved I felt to realize that our democratic system wasn't going to be destroyed by a Grandma Moses or Sue Lyon.

In conclusion I should like to add that I am ever so happy that this criticism will be taken seriously, and that all will recall what I have said before they speak or write another group of words designed to express an idea.

I should live so long.

By

Fred Baumer

T H E O N L Y W A Y

Wisked through the door,
I froze to ice at what I saw.
Cold and gray, a wall loomed up,
Smothered with ants to a very great height,
Climbing and clawing, pushing and falling.
Those at the top were lean and scrawny;
Those down below were fat and lazy.
Some would fall taking more with them;
Foot stones loose aided their failure.
Few were those who scaled that wall,
Strong of will but weak of body,
Cursing loud and praying heavy.
Should I climb or should I bother?
O God! There must be another way.

Bill Monaghan

Freedom

If we look at the Constitution with this new concept of freedom, we see a constitution which will not let democracy die; but which will keep democracy a living organ in American life. We need democracy as a living organ because we are still a growing

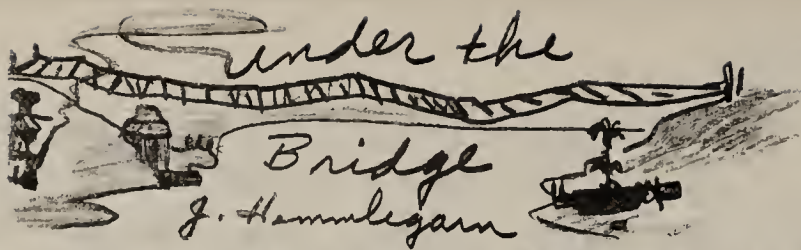
If we were united in this freedom, where would the U.S. be? The U.S. would have no communism, no crime, no privation of rights. Our nation would be the fulfillment of the past generations. Our nation would be a nation of peace and prosperity. Our nation would defy the law of force and cultivate the force of law.

Don McLean

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America.

[illegible]



Leaving home is always difficult. Conflicting emotions prevail. Xavier's 6th years will soon be leaving their home-away-from-home for the Novitiate. There is a bit of nostalgia for dear old Saint Joe, a sense of impatience, and a sense of adventure running through the minds of all. We can't wait to go, yet we don't want to leave. I guess these emotions are always present. However before we go we want to wish our comrades-in-arms for the last year to carry on nobly, to keep up the fine spirit, and to try to make life as pleasant as possible next year as it was this year. We also want to leave a little memento, so we 6th years have drawn up a last will and testament.



Our primus, Robert Stanovik, leaves his barber shears to Harold Iwankovitsch; Jerome Hartke leaves his orneriness to Timothy O'Hearn; Robert Ricketts leaves Nebraska City and the sacristy to Michael Gude; Donald McLean leaves his broken English common to all New Yorkers to Mr. Walsh, his tennis racket to Frank Miezio, and the tailor shop to John Pichitino; Louis Recker leaves his love for catsup to Peter Grotzinger; Thomas Raterman

leaves his sick humor and the house gang to Jerome Stack; Ronald Wiecek leaves the processing office to Douglas Killoran; Richard Bialczak

A GIFT
FROM
RAT



leaves his expanding waistline to John Freas, and his red hair goes to John Dubay; Lowell Hemmelgarn leaves his Mercer County accent to James Bruns; Linus Evers leaves his bees to Jerome Ivacic and James Gettig

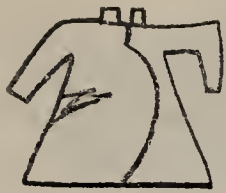


James Rettig leaves his practicality to William Monaghan; Robert Avery leaves his bindery job to Guy Goubeaux and John Hoying and his L.A. Dodgers to John Srode; Thomas Post leaves his beautiful voice to Michael Zimmerle; Mark Miller leaves his sleep center to Edward Robbins and his nicknames to John Miller; William Stock leaves his tenor voice to



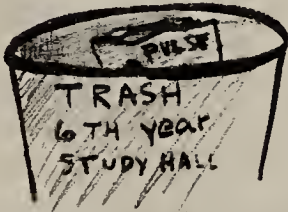
GENUINE TENOR
VOICE BOX MADE
FROM SEASONED
URBANIC WOOD

Michael Eyerman; George Kohler leaves his Student Prince job to anyone who wants it; Frederick Baumer leaves the "X", his study-hall-outside - of - study - hall, to Jerome Steinbrunner; Steven Gossin leaves his bird banding

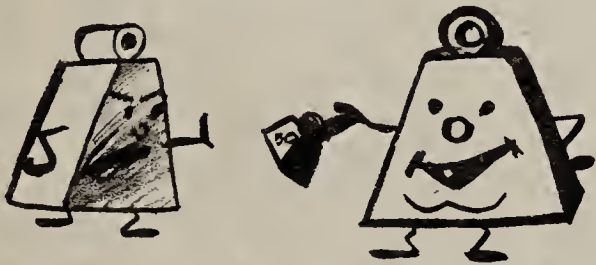


The AMAZING
WALKING
CASSECK
WORN BY
THE
"TRAMPLER"

to James Fisher; Michael Win-
kowski leaves his cassock to
Neal Malatesta; Ralph Verdi
leaves his terrible ear to Tom
Hemm; the worlds biggest nemesis,
Joseph Botton, leaves the edi-
torship of PULSE to James



Mescher and his B from Mr. Wood
to James Urbanic; and I, James
Hemmelgarn leave the 50 pounds
I surely don't need to John
Newbauer, who surely doesn't
need them either, and also I
bequeath to him the Presidency
of the Fat Men's Club.



We all leave Father McKay a
few less hairs and a new paint
and body job for his car. To
Father O'Dell we give the vic-
tory in one ping pong game with
Father McKay.

FR. McKay,
Plastic Surgeon



Well friends, I close with
my motto--Watch what you per-
mit to pass UNDER THE BRIDGE.

(continued from page 7)

The Immature person:

Is greatly annoyed by others,
is sensitive to their attitudes
and behavior, and is ready to
quarrel and find fault.

Seeks to avoid social disap-
proval by a strategy which com-
monly involves secrecy and
falsehood.

Is unstable in the ups and
downs of his emotional life.
He may be gay and talkative
one day and then moody and
glum the next. His emotional
changeability is coupled with
behavior that is characteristic
of a spoiled child.

Is highly suggestible. He is
controlled by an idea or by
someone else rather than by
himself. His want of self-con-
fidence makes him dependent on
others so that he leans on
their judgments and readily
yields to suggestion. He is
vacillating in his purposes,
fearful of responsibility and
reluctant to assume the initia-
tive in any activity.

Lacks a sense of humor. His
life is humorless, a drab af-
fair dominated by frustration,
dissatisfaction, and boredom.
He is apt to look at others
who seem to be able to enjoy
life as rather silly. He is
unable to perceive the incon-
gruities of life because he is
neither drawn to people or
things in which these incon-
gruities appear. 991

Should the Aged

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be Employed / ^{BY} R. VERDI

"We're sorry Mr. Jones, but due to the company's age limit requirements, we can no longer employ your services." How many people who have reached the so-called "retirement age" have had to hear their employers make such a statement? How many "aged people," as they are referred to, have had to bear the consequences of compulsory retirement? How many individuals, with complete disregard of good health, outstanding achievement records,

and the wisdom only years of efficient living and working can assure, have been put behind an invisible fence for an enforced leisure not warranted by anything but custom and the mathematical index of years lived?

According to Clark Tibbitts, chairman of the Committee on Aging and Geriatrics of the Federal Security Agency, only one quarter of the aged are now at work. It is estimated that approximately 40,000 men and women sixty-five years of age or more are compelled to leave the labor force daily. This is too significant an amount to be by-passed, and I fear too great an amount for our own social well-being.

But who are these "aged people?" What is it that makes them aged? The Community Service Society of New York City defines the aged as those who "are usually thought of as people who have lived long enough to be classified by the census, and the public at large as old because they have reached 65 or more years of age." According to the 1962 estimates of the U.S. Bureau of the Census, the aged represent 17,308,000 persons. Why then is it that so many of these people are forced to leave their jobs, and often just when they have reached their enviable peak of efficiency in their trade? Why do we have this great waste of resources and talent?





The answer lies mostly in the many misconceptions that are associated with old age, and they truly ARE misconceptions. For example, many hold that the aged are too ill to work steadily and are far too susceptible to senility and all kinds of sickness. However, the 1952-53 reports of the U.S. Bureau of the Census state that a very small percentage of adults are patients in mental hospitals at any one time, specifically about one per-cent of all persons aged forty-five and over. And as to being too ill for work, in 1962 a health survey as recorded in the November 4th issue of the New York Times, shows that no more than three to five per-cent of those over sixty-five are in institutions of any kind. I, for one, know just how healthy an aged person can be.

My grandmother is a good example. She now lives alone in an apartment building in New York City. She is seventy-nine years of age and she has to climb three flights of stairs to reach her apartment and this she does several times daily. Although she has no steady work, of which I know she is quite capable, she occupies much of her time making embroidery designs for furniture decorations. She makes frequent visits to my home and each visit requires that she take several public conveniences. Now, anyone who has lived or merely visited New York City will certainly know that boarding a subway or taking a bus can be, and usually is, quite an experience if not a hazard, especially during the rush-hours. To my mind, this alone is enough to prove to me that she is in good health. However, if you want proof for yourself, take a good look at our own Father Rapp here at St. Joseph's College. He is eighty-six years YOUNG, and although he may not be another Charles Atlas, he still is in excellent physical condition. I have been informed that at the banquet commemorating the Sixtieth Anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, Father Rapp was supposed to have said at the end of his closing address, "Well, see you in ten years!" Why, by the rate at which he is going, I myself, as a future member of the Society of

the Precious Blood, think that the chances of his saying my funeral Mass are quite good. So much for health.

Another misconception is that the aged are unwilling to work. In a survey taken by the University of California in 1952-54, of the men interviewed who were fifty years of age or more, only one out of four expressed any active interest in retiring. In Chicago, a student survey, sponsored by Loyola University in 1960 showed that 79% of those interviewed said that they had NOT wanted to retire in the first place, 78½% stated that they thought compulsory retirement was bad for a person because a job was looked upon as something more than a mere means of income. It gave them personal satisfaction and a sense of real worth.

Another misconception is that the aged cannot meet the production and quality standards. According to a Labor Department questionnaire given to eight different manufacturing plants in 1959, it was often found that a person in a higher age group had a larger output than a person in a lower age group. Therefore, the aged can and do maintain the quality and production standards demanded of them.

But why should we be concerned with this problem? What effect will this have

upon our own lives? In 1960, the U.S. Committee on Labor and Public Welfare estimated that by 1975 we can expect to have around 22 million people 65 and over. This represents a 49% increase over the 1957 census. To put it another way, the ratio of those between 18 and 64 to that of those 64 or more was 2:1 in 1940. By 1975 it is expected to be 3:2. These figures imply three things.

Firstly, that a considerable part of the output per man-hour will be needed to support the increased number of dependents.

Secondly, there will be a consequent lessening in gains either in material living standards or in free time to anyone other than these dependents.

Thirdly, the fact that we Americans will increasingly have older relatives alive during our own working lives.

These figures take no account of health improvements. They assume that no headway will be made in averting untimely death. It is not probable that this will be the case. Advances are being made every day in lessening the mortality from functional diseases. Every step takes us closer to the day when our society will be composed much more largely of people 65 and over. If we continue to regard these people as naturally and normally dependent,

and if we continue to expect that more and more children must devote more years to education, as a highly complicated and technical society is almost certain to do, then the result will be that before long, nearly every producer will have to shoulder the complete support of one or more dependents, and this will begin as soon as he gets a job and will most probably continue to the end of his working life.

But on the other hand, we may so continue to improve our factories, mines, farms, and all other productive faculties that we shall be able to maintain at leisure everyone over 65, or 68, or 70, whether he wants to be at leisure or not. If this happens, we shall suffer the consequences of a vengeful "leisure class." But why should we assume this unnecessary burden? Would it not be more healthy to take the possible benefits of high productivity in more leisure for all, at all ages? A person who has worked hard for 45 years or 50 years and then is forbidden to work any more often finds that he does not know what to do with his leisure. Workers with shorter hours are perhaps not likely to wear out so early. They will probably be quite capable of going on with their jobs even when they are designated as "old."

Is it really necessary to enforce a sudden and complete break in occupation at any given age? Would it not be more sensible and rewarding for all concerned to share in necessary work and possible free time according to talent and ability, regardless of what age level an individual happens to be? I think so, my friends, I think so.

SPORTS

XAVIER SOFTBALL

"Hooray! Our team won!" Yes, Jim Gettig's team A, who affectionately called themselves the "Sparrows," took first place in the Tuesday-Thursday part of the Xavier softball league. They had four wins and, somehow or another, one loss. Bob Ricketts's team C took the second spot with two wins and one loss, and why shouldn't they, with Father O'Dell pitching? Father could easily have played for the Mets! Mike Zimmerle's team D came in third place with two wins and two losses. Mike had Father Ranly and home run stars like John Freas and "Giant" John Srode on his team. Louie Recker's team B took last place, but don't underestimate this team. Lou himself hit two home runs the first game, and had a stock of pitchers from Father Rusca to "Whitey Ford" Avery.

Besides the Tuesday-Thursday League, there was also a Saturday League. You could say these "Saturday fellows" were the "brain boys," because when everybody else played softball, they went to class. Anyway, Donald "Duck" Knueve's team took both games from Tom Hemm's team.

That's it for another year for the Xavier Softball League and that's it for Mark Miller, this years softball commissioner, who really did a swell job.

Rich Bialczak

IM SOFTBALL

Xavier Hall's intramural softball team finished the season with a respectable 5-3 record. This record was enhanced somewhat by the aid of three forfeits. The team worked hard, winning in fine style, and almost pulled out both of the games it lost. The pitching was ably handled by Mark Miller and Jerry Ivacic. The infield, led by Tom Post or Jerry Ivacic at short, let few balls go through to the outfield. The outfield, led by "Rip" Freas's bullet-like throws, stopped many a runner from taking that extra base. The team excelled more on defense than on offense. But, like the Chicago Bears, this defensive strategy often proved to be the winning combination. Team manager James Hemmelgarn kept the team in shape with frequent offensive and defensive drills.

For the IM tournament, the "Mongie" team was picked to play Washburn Hall, which had beaten them during the season only with the aid of a big first inning. This time, however, the "Mongies" wasted little time, and after two innings had jumped out to a seven run lead. In the third inning things seemed to fall apart as Washburn scored nine big runs. The "Mongies" retaliated in the fourth by taking over the lead again. For the next few innings the game was close, but in the bottom of the fifth Washburn unloaded another bomb, this time for eight runs. This proved to be a little too much and after putting up a great fight the "Mongies" finally fell, 19-12. Jerry Ivacic did a good job of pitching, but shabby fielding caused him to lose this tough one. This being a single elimination tournament, the team went home to hang up its spikes for another year.

Lowell Hemmelgarn



IM POINTS TOTAL

The school year has come and gone, and so has this year's IM program. Total IM points have been computed, and out of twelve halls on campus, Xavier finished in fourth place, just nine points out of third. Xavier's first year of complete participation in the IM program was a big success! Thanks go to Father McKay for making this participation possible. Thanks also go to Mark Miller for ably serving as Xavier Hall's IM representative. Finally, thanks to all of you who participated and made this fourth place possible. You helped put Xavier Hall on the IM map!

Proof that Xavier Hall has been placed on the IM map was given at the Intramural Banquet held in the freshman cafeteria on the evening of May 18. There Xavier Hall was honored with the Sports Participation Trophy, awarded annually to the hall which best participates in all IM activities. There also five Xavierites received trophies for taking first place honors. John Srode and Lowell Hemmelgarn received trophies for tennis, Mark Miller and Mike Zimmerle received trophies in wrestling--Zimmerle also received another trophy for track. Thomas Raterman also won a trophy for track. Mike won his in the high jump, while Tom won his in the broad jump. It was certainly a great year for Xavier in the IM's,

and, God willing, next year will be even greater.

Lowell Hemmelgarn

IM TRACK

The IM track program began on Wednesday, April 29, with the 100-yd. dash and the shot put. Tom Raterman won one of the four heats in the 100-yd. dash, qualifying for the final heat. Tom came in second in this final heat.

The rest of the events were held on Monday, May 4, and Tuesday, May 5. Again Tom Raterman came through for Xavier; this time he took first place in the broad jump. Mike Zimmerle helped the Xavier team by coming in first in the high jump. Jim Mescher did his best and came in fourth in the 880-yd. run. Coming in third in the 440-yd. relay were: Bob Stanovik, Bob Ricketts, Tom Hemm, and Frank Miezio. Doing just a little better than this, and taking second place, was the Xavier 220-yd. relay team. Included in this team were: Louie Recker, Rich Bialczak, Jim Rettig, and Frank Miezio.

Other track events during these days were: the 220-yd. low hurdles, the 440-yd. run, the 880-yd. relay, and the shot put. Xavier participated in all of these events.

Mike Gude

